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See Prospectus on 1st page.

## WASHINGTON, D. C.

THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 14, 1869.

## MAJOR GENERAL GAINES.

It was our melancholy duty, a few days since, to announce to our readers the death of the veteran Major General Gaines, the oldest officer in the military service of the United States, and a well tried public servant. The intelligence was received with sorrow and regret throughout the country. The following sketch of his life and career will be read with interest.—*New York Herald.*

Brevet Major General Edmund P. Gaines is one of the oldest officers in the American army, his first commission, as ensign of infantry, bearing date January 10th, 1799. He is a native of Virginia, and his father was an officer in the army of that State during the revolutionary war. About the year 1790, he removed to Tennessee, where his early days were passed amid the hardships of a woodman's life. During this time, his education was superintended principally by his mother, who was indefatigable in her attention to this particular. He afterward studied mathematics, and employed his leisure hours in surveying land.

The date of his entering the army has already been given. During the same year he was appointed as second lieutenant in the 6th infantry. From this period, until 1806, he was employed by government in various duties, both as surveyor and an officer in the army. In this year, by order of the President, he arrested the famous Colonel Burr, whose movements had long contented the opinion that he entertained treasonable designs against the government.

For his fearless promptitude in this affair, Captain Gaines was appointed United States marshal, by President Jefferson, and in this capacity summoned a number of officers to attend the trial of Colonel Burr. The result of this momentous trial is well known. Burr was acquitted of the charges preferred against him, and many individuals incurred the animosity of his friends by the course they had pursued. Although Captain Gaines acted under direct orders from the President, there is every reason to believe that a portion of this disapprobation fell upon him.

After the war had been declared with Great Britain, Gaines (now advanced to colonel) was employed in different expeditions against the north western Indians. He was afterward present at the battle of Chrysler's Fields, (November 11th, 1813,) where he so highly distinguished himself as to be rewarded by the appointment [March 9th, 1816] of brigadier general.

But the most brilliant action of General Gaines was his defence of Fort Erie, against a vastly superior force of British, under General Drummond. The attack commenced on the night of the 14th of August, 1814, by volleys of shell and shot, followed soon after by three simultaneous charges with the bayonet. Although the darkness was intense, the General kept his men to duty, and placing himself among the militia, showed them how to use their fire to the best effect. Before the wide blasts that burst from the fort in all directions the British columns recoiled. Again and again they were led to the attack, and as often repulsed, with fearful slaughter. Five hundred and eighty-two of the enemy were killed, wounded, and taken in this assault; while the garrison lost but seventeen killed, and sixty-seven wounded and prisoners.

After this defence, the British commenced a bombardment of the fort, which was continued until the latter end of August. They then invested it with their entire army, maintaining a close siege until the sortie of General Brown, (September 17th,) by which the greater part of their works was destroyed.

For this noble defence, General Gaines was voted a gold medal by Congress, and awarded by the legislatures of several States. No further opportunity of distinction was afforded him during the war.

During the difficulties with the Spanish and Indians in Florida, General Gaines was assigned the command in the western portion of that province; but the nature of his instructions did not permit him to engage in active service. He accompanied General Jackson in his march toward St. Augustine, and, in obedience to instructions, bombarded that place until it surrendered.

In 1821, General Gaines was assigned to the command of the western military department; and, in 1832, was concerned in the Black Hawk war. When the Seminoles commenced hostilities he was again ordered to Florida, and though unable to bring the Indians to a decisive engagement, he performed there dutiful and useful.

When General Taylor was surrounded by the Mexicans, at Fort Brown, Gen. Gaines, fearing that he might be cut off, with his little army, called out a large force of volunteers. For this he was accused of exceeding authority, and summoned to Washington for trial. A court of inquiry met at Fortress Monroe, July 20th, 1846, and a thorough investigation took place. The result was the finding of no direct authority for the course pursued by the general, except an honest conviction that he was acting in accordance with the dictates of duty. Appended to their verdict was the following recommendation:—

"Having now reported their finding and opinion, the court recommend to the favorable consideration of the President, the good and patriotic motives, and the public zeal by which, as the court believe, General Gaines was actuated in all these transactions, and therefore they recommend that no further proceedings be had in the case."

The matter was accordingly dropped, and General Gaines restored to that confidence which the public have been ever proud to repose in him.

It will be seen from the above sketch that the services which Major General Gaines rendered to his country in his lifetime were brilliant, and marked by courage, gallantry, and daring of a high order. He has departed from among us, full of honors and of years, and his memory will not be forgotten by his countrymen.

## A NOBLE NAVY.

Lieutenant Beall, U. S. Navy, is already well known to the country, having particularly distinguished himself, on several different occasions, as a bearer of important dispatches to and from California, both through the heart of Mexico, during the war, and across the prairies and Rocky Mountains, forcing his way, with equal spirit, through civilized and savage enemies. As a gallant naval officer and intrepid traveler, with the courage to face and the energy to overcome every difficulty and peril, we can well believe he has no superior; but we have recently heard an anecdote told of him, being the account of a circumstance which happened on the last journey to California, from which he has only so lately returned, which, while it illustrates the dangers of the road, proves that there is another quality in him higher than mere resolution and bravery—a humane and generous disposition, which gives to those virtues the character of heroism.

It was, we believe, in the Gila country, that Lieutenant Beall, having encamped his party, and placed it in safety, went out hunting. He set out alone, on a favorite saddle mare, which was generally kept by or spared for such occasions.—About six miles from the camp, he had the good fortune to kill a deer; and he was on the ground dressing the carcass, when, on looking up, he suddenly beheld a troop of mounted Apaches, who had discovered him, and were dashing furiously toward him. They had, doubtless, heard the report or seen the smoke of his rifle, and so were on him before he was aware; but he knew very well that to be overtaken by them, a single white man among those naked hills, which they called their own, was certain death; and, accordingly, leaving his quarry and mounting in hot haste, he relied upon the mettle of his mare, which he put to her full speed, to carry him back in safety to the camp. Away darted the young lieutenant, and on rushed the savages, thundering and yelling in the certain assurance of their prey. But confident as they were, the fugitive was quite as well satisfied of his ability to escape; although their horses were fresher than the mare, and it was pretty certain they were gaining slightly upon her, and would give her a severe contest before reaching the camp.

Thus assured of his safety, but not relaxing his speed, Lieutenant B. had recovered half his distance from the camp, when, dashing over the crest of a hill, he was horrified at the sight of one of his own men, on foot, climbing the hill, and, in fact, following in his trail to assist him in the hunt. The sight of the lieutenant flying down the hill at such a furious rate was, doubtless, enough; perhaps the poor fellow could hear the whoops of the Indians ascending the hill from the opposite side; at all events, he understood his fate, and spreading his arms before the horse's head, he cried out with the accents of despair, "Oh, Mr. Beall, save me! I am a husband and the father of six helpless children!" Never was prayer more quickly heard, or more heroically answered.

The lieutenant, though riding for his own life, immediately stopped his mare, dismounted, and, giving her to the man, said, "You shall be saved. Ride back to the camp, and send them out to give my body decent burial!" And so they parted, the footman to escape, the officer, as he supposed, to be slain; for the hill was utterly bare, without a single hiding place, and he thought of nothing but selling his life as dearly as possible. For this purpose, he drew his revolver, and sitting down on the ground, waited for the savages; who in a moment came rushing over the brow of the hill, and then, to the unspeakable amazement of Lieutenant Beall, dashed past him down the descent like madmen, not a soul of them paying the least regard to him, not a soul, in fact, seeing him. They saw, in reality, nothing but the horse and the horseman they had been pursuing for three miles; they knew nothing of a footman; and perhaps the sitting figure of the lieutenant appeared, to eyes only bent on one attractive object, as a stone or huge cactus, such as abound in those sterile hills.

At all events, Lieutenant Beall, by what seemed to himself almost a direct Providential interposition in his behalf, remained wholly undiscovered; and in a moment more the Apaches were out of sight, still pursuing the horse and his rider to the camp. The latter barely succeeded in escaping with his life, the Indians having overhauled him so closely just as he reached the camp, as to be able to inflict one or two slight wounds upon him with bullets, or perhaps with arrows. As for Lieutenant Beall, he was not slow to take advantage of his good fortune; and selecting a round-about course, he succeeded in reaching the camp just about the time the poor fellow whom he had saved, and the other members of the party, were about saluting out to obey his last request, and give his body decent burial.

Upon such an act as this is superfluous to comment. It is an act, however, which deserves to live in men's recollections like the story of a great battle and victory.—*Phila. North American.*

GEORGE LIPPARD.—Lippard was one of the most importunate and unreasonable of the office-beggars about Washington. Owing to some peculiarities of character, which placed him without the pale of the rule prescribed by the Executive as necessary in the bestowal of office, Gen. Taylor very properly refused to appoint him. He therefore comes out in a malignant distillate of fierce abuse against the administration, and what is most afflicting, declares that "he washes his hands of him," &c.—a threat which no doubt has seriously disturbed the rest of the old hero.

He also, now finds that the "grapes are sour," declares that he neither asks nor would accept office, &c. The thought is indeed overwhelmingly affecting, that the administration is to be deprived of the services of such a self-important auxiliary. Terrible, were it not, as Mr. L. thinks his hostility will be, there are some who think that the old General will manage to survive it.—*Mobile Ad.*

PHILADELPHIA APPOINTMENTS.—The appointment of John C. Martin, Esq., as one of the appraisers of the port of Philadelphia, gives very general satisfaction. Mr. Martin was for many years one of our most active and efficient merchants; and for some time past has been the popular and courteous superintendent of the Philadelphia Exchange. He is every way qualified for his new post, and has troops of friends who rejoice at his selection. The assistant appraisers, Messrs. Fisher and Donaldson, are also worthy and excellent citizens, and are fully qualified.—*Phil. Inquirer.*

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## DEATH OF MISS EDGEMORTH.

Maria Edgeworth, the celebrated Irish novelist, and the author of those delightful juvenile tales, which have made her name a household word wherever the English language is spoken, died on the 21st of May at Edgeworthstown, in the county of Longford, Ireland. She was in her 83d year, and expired after only a few hours illness. The following notice of this remarkable woman is from the London Morning Chronicle:

The death of one who has done such solid service as Miss Edgeworth rendered to the cause of education and social morality, cannot be recorded without a passing word of retrospective praise. Miss Edgeworth had long since ceased to take an active part in life, or in that world of literature of which she was once so bright an ornament. But she has taken her rank, and will keep it so long as youth have to be instructed in the elements of social morality. As a woman of singular intellectual requirements she takes her place by the side of some of the most distinguished of her sex who have adorned the present era. Her novels and miscellaneous works, more especially her descriptions of Irish life—which are in the main as true now as they were some twenty or thirty years ago—will always retain for her a high place in the literature of her country. But the works in which she especially shone, and for which she will hereafter be remembered, were those delightful stories, written in so beautifully simple a style, down to the capacity of children, in which the childish mind is made first to comprehend its part in the great drama of social life. Who that has read in early life her "Harry and Lucy," "Early Lessons," "Frank," "Harrington," and "Ormond," has forgotten the fine moral lessons conveyed in such simple incidents and homely language and thoughts? But Miss Edgeworth's literary talent was not confined to this class of works. A mere list of her different writings shows her versatility, and is enough to show that Miss Edgeworth was a "worker"—that she fairly performed her share of the duty allotted to us—the more honorable in her, because it was the most part spontaneous service.

Miss Edgeworth was the daughter of Mr. Richard Lovell Edgeworth, of Edgeworthstown. Her life presents no incidents. It was divided between literary composition and the performance of local duties. She was a woman of a very superior order—beloved by all who approached her, and respected, for her talents and accomplishments, by some of the first men of the age. Although what is commonly termed a "blue," she had none of the characteristics which have attracted to "learned ladies" the reproach of too much learning. She was most unaffected and agreeable in private intercourse, and, as in her books, never obtruded her knowledge and her opinions.

From the Spectator, 11th Journal.

OZONE.—QUICK LIME.—Having no doubt that the opinion of Dr. Bird, of Chicago, is true, that ozone may have an agency in the generation of cholera, I desire to lay before the public, through your paper, some account of its properties and the manner of its production, that the public may guard against its evolutions, and the danger of disease arising from it.

Ozone is produced in the atmosphere in two ways; first, by the decomposition of water by electricity. The quantity produced by this means may not be appreciable, except in very moist weather; and, if it were, there is no means of preventing the action of electricity on the moisture of the atmosphere, yet the ozone itself may be neutralized by proper agents. It is probable that the most abundant supply of ozone proceeds from the action of phosphorus upon atmospheric air, particularly when the air is much impregnated with water. Now as phosphorus is known to be eliminated from dead bodies by animal putrefaction, it will be apparent to every one, that as a preventive, it will be important to move from the vicinity of dwellings, and bury, or otherwise destroy, all animal matter that is likely to become putrid. But as this cannot be always entirely accomplished—as there will be more or less animal matter accumulating about cities—it will be necessary to use an agent that will neutralize the phosphorus and prevent its effect upon the atmosphere. This can be accomplished by spreading quicklime profusely over the surface of the streets and lots. The quicklime will combine with the phosphorus and form a compound that will not act on the air.

Another important measure would be to drain the surfaces of all streets and lots as dry as possible so as to prevent evaporation, and consequently lessen the moisture of the atmosphere. But when by using the proper tests, ozone is detected in the air it will be necessary to use such agents as will neutralize it and its effects. The cheapest and most convenient means of doing this would be to sprinkle a watery solution of chloride of lime freely over the floors, bed-rooms and furniture, more particularly in houses where persons laboring under the disease, are, or have been lying. A good plan would be likewise to scatter sulphur freely over the grounds around dwellings. I am inclined to believe that ozone emanates with great rapidity from the bodies of persons who have died of cholera. If this be the case it would be expedient to bury them as soon as it might be done conveniently.

E. H. MERRYMAN.

A PROPOSED TREATY BETWEEN THE PASSION AND REASON.—Who the writer of the following is, we know not, but he has expressed a truth which the advance of life renders more apparent to those who have passed from early childhood to a mature old age.

"What a mistake," to suppose that the passions are strongest in youth! The passions are not stronger, but the control over them is weaker. They are more easily excited; they are more violent and more apparent; but they have less energy, less durability—less intense and concentrated power, and they are more easily controlled. They are more easily excited; they are more violent and more apparent; but they have less energy, less durability—less intense and concentrated power, and they are more easily controlled. They are more easily excited; they are more violent and more apparent; but they have less energy, less durability—less intense and concentrated power, and they are more easily controlled.

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WOMEN ARE RARELY CONTINUED.—A young gentleman who was in the act of popping the question to a young lady, was interrupted by the father entering the room, and the father said to the young man:—

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Wisconsin	12,168	22,168
Iowa	—	24,293

Total, 3,833,789 734,947

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## TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATIONAL WHIG.

## CABINET SKETCHES.

Secretary of War.

I know not by what influence Mr. CRAWFORD was withdrawn from the pursuit of professional life, to be placed at the head of the War Department, but one thing is perfectly certain, which is, that with a man of his unaffected modesty and merit, the elevation which he has deservedly reached, whatever may be said of his adversaries, can never be justly attributed to any irregular agency on his part—political or party strategy, and particularly that of a selfish tendency, forms no ingredient in his composition. Competent ability and untiring industry in the performance of his duties, have ever been, and will ever be, his distinguishing characteristics. From what is known of him, it may therefore be fairly and confidently predicted, that under his guidance the malcontents of his department will be as judiciously and ably administered, as by the most experienced and sagacious of his predecessors, and that, too, notwithstanding the recent state of war, and its multiplied and complicated results, have entailed upon the present "war minister" tenfold the toil, trouble, and embarrassment formerly, or ordinarily, incident to his office.

The manners of the Secretary are exceedingly affable, though, at the same time, perfectly simple—both denotements of the true southern gentleman—he is accessible to every one, and places all upon the same broad and equal footing. No man, no man can visit the President of the United States, or any of the Secretaries, without being strongly impressed by the dignity of Republican simplicity—the true grandeur of this great government! If ever distinctions or grades exhibit themselves, it is apt to be, in presenting the different relations of beneficiary and benefactor, of office-seeker and office-giver. Yet no man can visit Washington and contemplate the comparative familiarity of intercourse between the lofty officers of the nation, and its humblest dependants, without partly approving, and partly admiring, the blessings secured by our constitution and our laws. No servility—no undue obsequiousness—every man meets his fellow man on the same authorized level, and points to the country's charter as the best patent of nobility or equality. Temporary official exaltation is yours to-day and mine to-morrow, as the general and of general pleasure may demand, but the loftiest wave is dependent upon subordinate tributaries, and they all sink alike into the bosom of the same boundless ocean, alternately to rise and sink again.

I have been led to these remarks, perhaps a little poetical, but not the less true, from a recent song at Washington, which afforded an opportunity, never before enjoyed, of particularly observing, and reflecting upon the practical results of the beautiful and simple machinery of the government. The proudest nations of the earth can furnish no adequate comparison, but we must look for an analogy to these celestial bodies, and find it in the stars, which mutually borrow and reflect light, and shed their combined lustre upon a favored world. Look at the National and State governments—behold their mutual attraction and reflection, protection and support. Independent, yet dependent—separate yet confederate with unalloyed interests knit into one, with political or local antipathies, necessarily blended into harmony. Look at all this and much more, and then compare it with the machinery of a despotic government, and you will find, in the former, the wisdom of visionary, half-brained enthusiasts, who vainly predict the dissolution of the Union—now and forever the "Expectancy and Row" of the world.

To return from this mental episode to the Secretary of War. Instead of finding him like "the mailed Mars" or "the bearded Parol," or some other mailed god of official terror, there he sits, simply attired, assiduously engaged in his studies, manifesting no impatience at the various interruptions to which he is subjected—leading an attentive ear to every one, and although I do not know that, in these times, like MARSHALL, he can refuse a favor with as much grace as to induce the applicant to be as grateful as though it had been granted; yet this is certain, that the rejection seems at least to be as painful to the Secretary as though he himself were the disappointed party. Even this, for a public functionary, is no inconsiderable price. Courtesy in high life is duty; it costs but little, and amounts to much.

Ma Colleen dhe Crootha numbo.

From the Spectator, 11th Journal.

My heart's with the days that shall never return to enliven me more; But I thought they would shine on forever, Nor dream they so soon should pass over. Oh! how sweet it were to stand gazing, On the meads where the blue waters flow, And behold the kind quietly grazing, And Ma Colleen dhe Crootha numbo.

How brightly the sunshine gleamed o'er her! But methought 'twas less bright than her eye, The soft brilliance and pleasure before her, And pointed me up to stand gazing, She sang for her heart was all lightness— And her cheek was the rose in its glow, And I felt that I was equal to the brightness Of Ma Colleen dhe Crootha numbo.

There was none but delighted to hear her— None but loved her, and her gentle fair: With a kind smile for all that came near her, And a soft word for ever to spare. The very kind hearted to meet her, And I felt that I was equal to the brightness Of Ma Colleen dhe Crootha numbo.

Oh! had I been suffered to cherish, And fondly watch o'er my young bride! But ere winter, when all fair things perish, She'd drop like the dew on the mead, And I'd be left to mourn and sigh, And Ma Colleen dhe Crootha numbo.

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